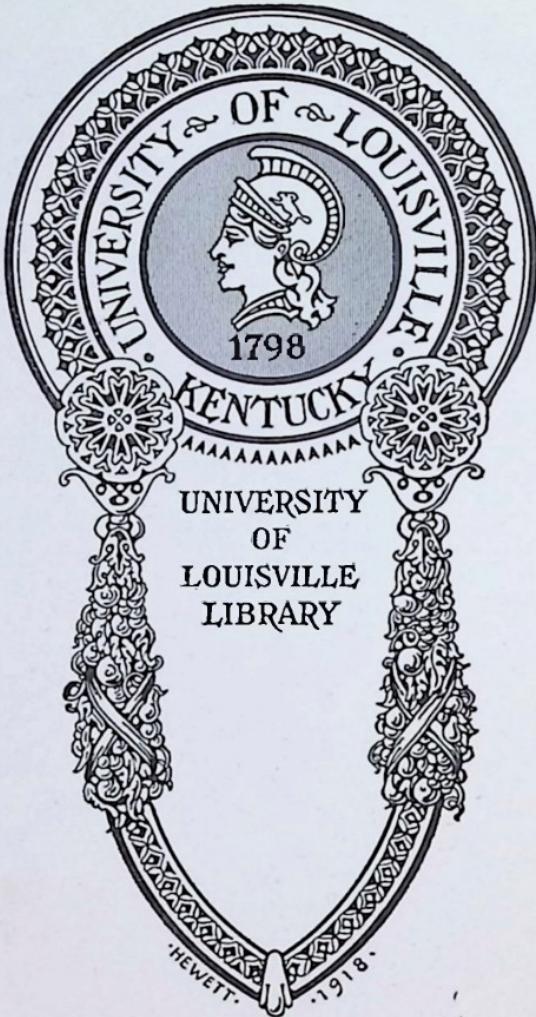




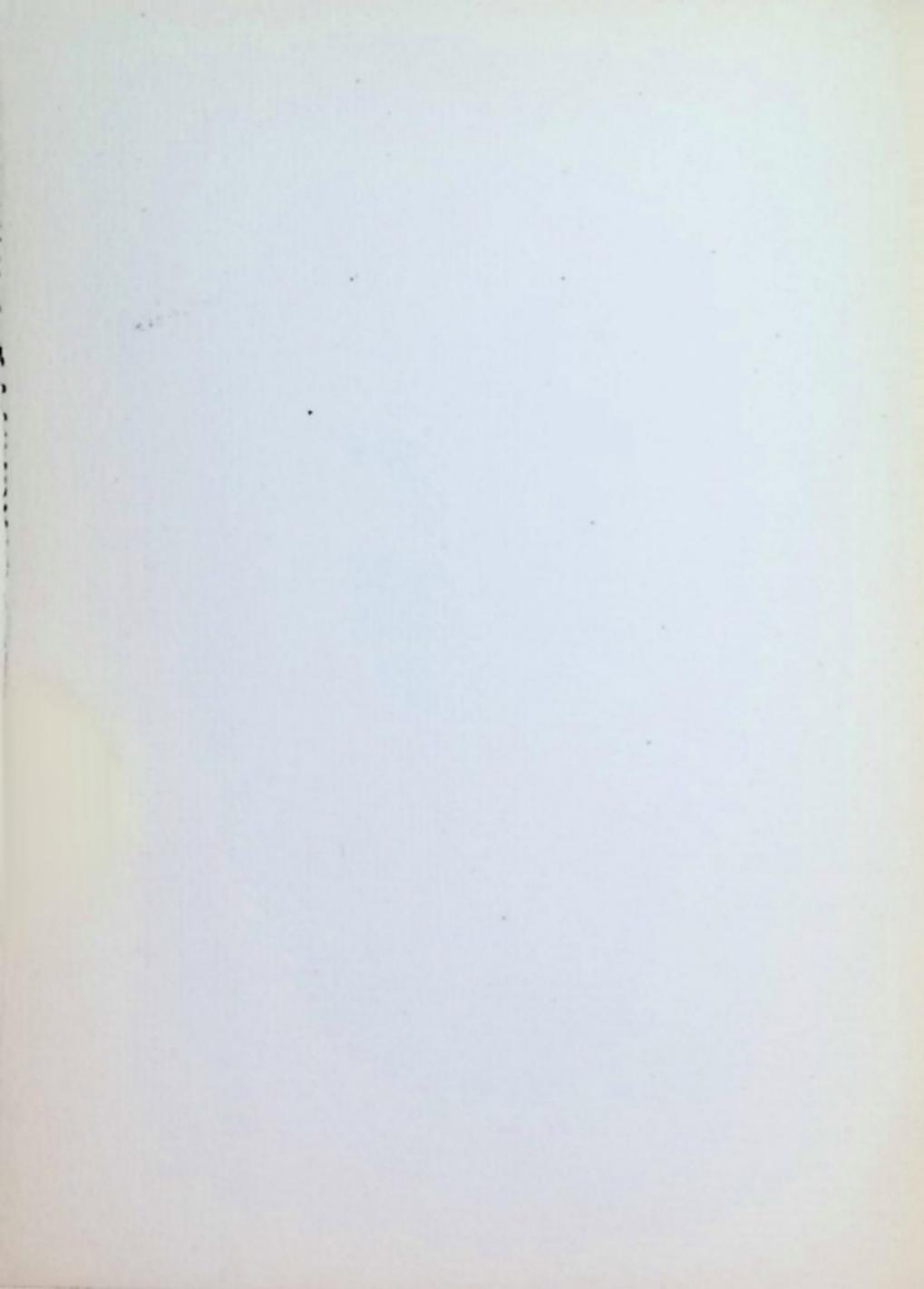
ALICE FRASER BIGELOW

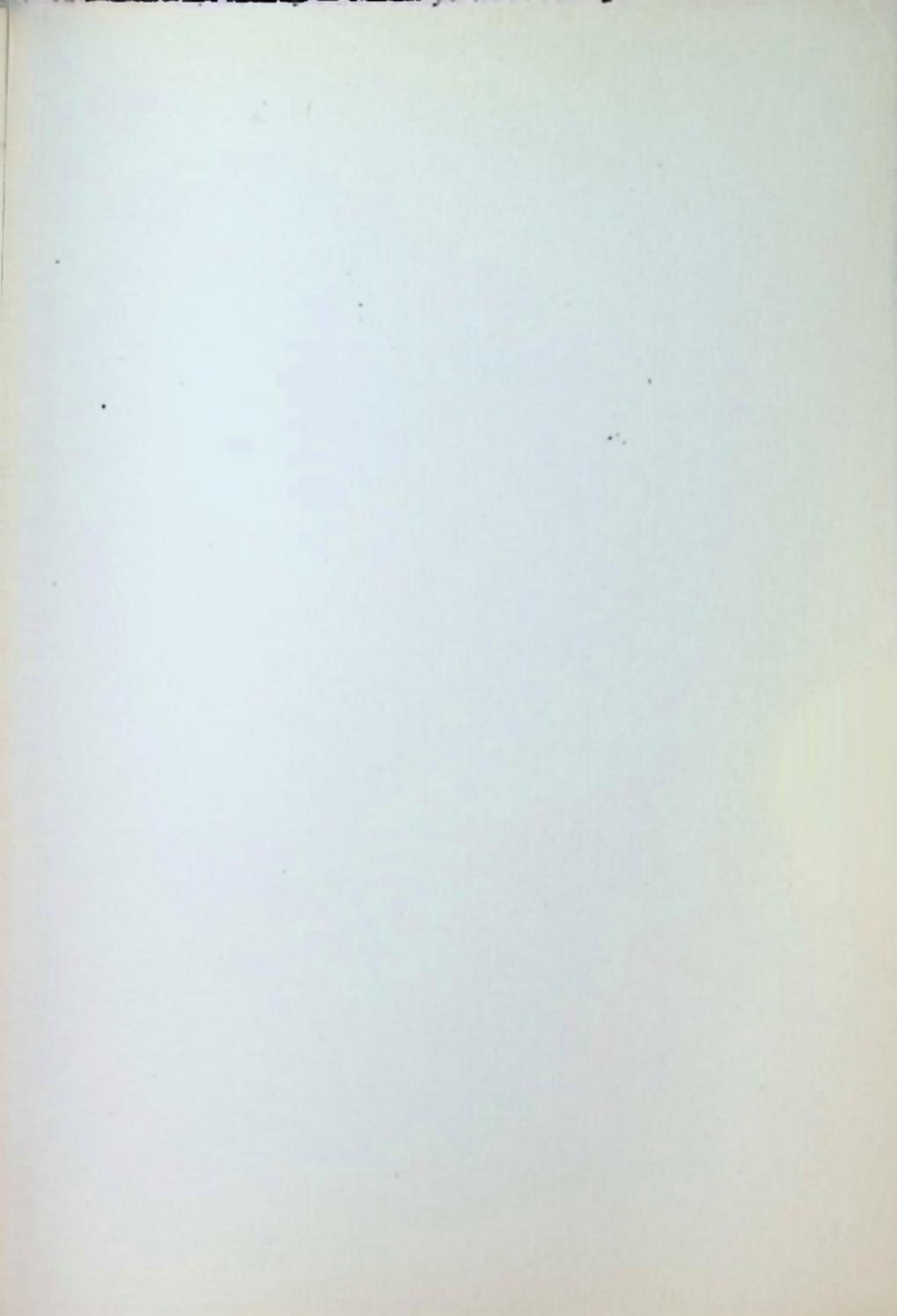


Presented by

Mrs. A. A. Bigelow

Date Due







ALICE FRASER BIGELOW



At the New Century Club of Saint Paul
on Wednesday afternoon, February
second, nineteen hundred twenty-seven,
friends of Mrs. Bigelow gathered to listen
to personal appreciations, to music and
to poetry, representing some of her varied
interests.

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Program

1. Sicilienne.....*Respighi*
Etude Opus 25, No. 7.....*Chopin*
MARJORIE WINSLOW BRIGGS
2. An Appreciation LAURA WINTER DEAN
3. Songs: Caro Mio Ben.....*Giordani*
From Far, from Eve and Morning
A Shropshire Lad.....*Housman*
CHARLOTTE PARTRIDGE ORDWAY
4. ALICE FRASER BIGELOW SARAH CONVERSE
5. Songs: Si Mes Vers Avaient
des Ailes.....*Victor Hugo*
Le Miroir.....*Haracourt*
CHARLOTTE PARTRIDGE ORDWAY
6. Ninth Idyll.....*Theocritus*
Elegy before Death...*Edna St. Vincent Millay*
CORNELIA HOLLINSHED MORGAN
7. Reflets dans l'Eau.....*Debussy*
MARJORIE WINSLOW BRIGGS

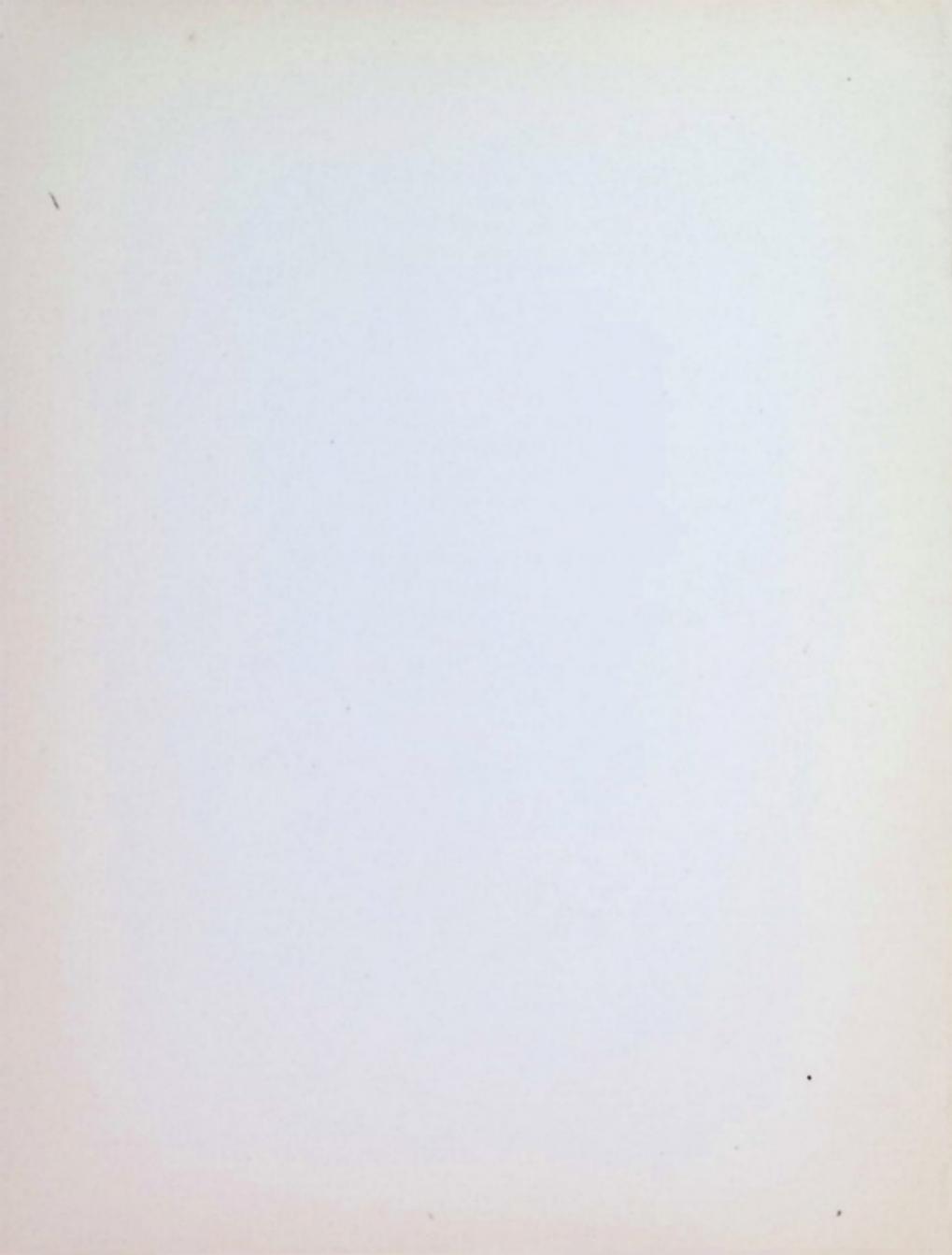


An Appreciation

In all her triumphant life, I doubt if, next to that in her home, there was anything which gave Alice Bigelow keener joy than her ability to comprehend a great work of art, in any form.

This comprehension came, not from knowledge alone, but from sensitiveness of impression. It was intuitive with her. Whether it were architecture, music, literature, painting or prints, these particular qualities guided her in seeking and finding beauty and truth. She knew it was a gift of God and also realized that when the desire is sincere, the attainment of this comprehension is possible. So Alice Bigelow stimulated and inspired not only those with whom she came in contact but through them, many others—to seek for beauty and significance in the simplest as well as in the more complicated forms of art.

She had near her, almost always, one or two, sometimes more, rare and beautiful prints; during these past few days, while thinking of the joy in her reaction as I have seen it, when the sincerity and truth of a Rembrandt or a Durer spoke to her, I have remembered a poem which you will recognize, and which to me expresses the inspiration of her life:



"I have plunged into life, O God,
As a diver into the sea,
Knowing and heeding naught
Save thine old command to me
To go and seek for thy pearl,
Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;
They clutch at my straining breath;
They beat in my ears; yet, 'Seek'
My heart still whispereth,
And I grope, and forbear to call
On the easy rescuer, Death.

For thy pearl must be here in the sands
If ever a warrant there be
For that old command of thine
To plunge into life and see.
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me."

"The Diver"—Lily A. Long

LAURA WINTER DEAN





ALICE FRASER BIGELOW

An eager, vivid, valiant life has gone from our midst to new fields of spiritual adventure. And we, her friends, are gathered here today, not to mourn, but with heads up and colors flying, to bear witness to the significance of the life that was and is Alice Fraser Bigelow.

A short time before her death there came a few moments of consciousness. With characteristic facинг of facts she said, "I shall go soon. I am sorry that I cannot have the full quota of years that would normally be mine. But I want you to know that life is worth while; sometimes it may not seem to be so, but life is worth while."

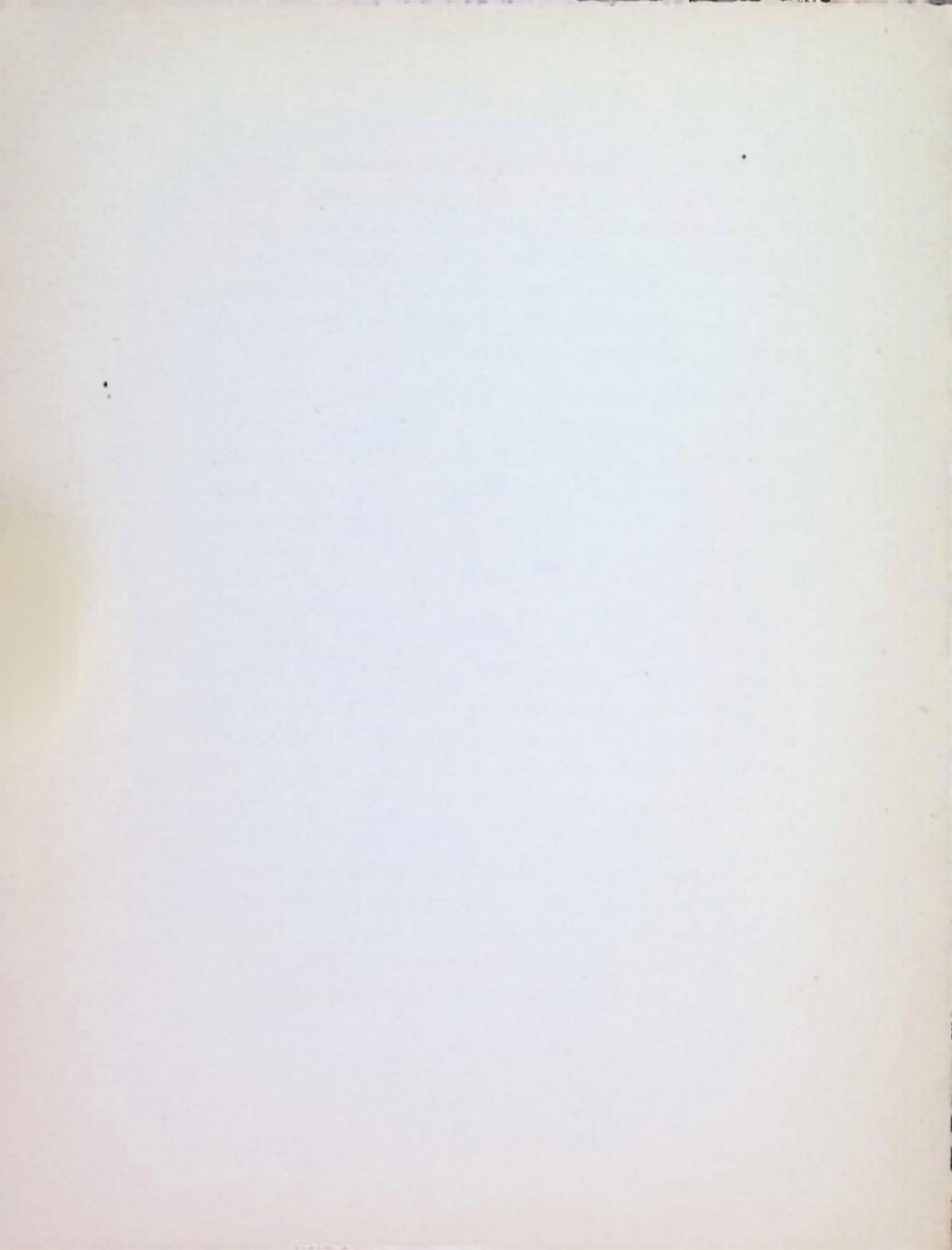
What was it that made life significant and of value? Physically the last ten years of life were not worth living. It is hard to realize the full measure of physical and mental suffering. With a courage almost beyond human comprehension, the situation was

faced. The physical limitations were never accepted. Simply, without bitterness and without comment, these limitations were magnificently disregarded. Probably in these past ten years, few people have lived as richly, have traveled as widely, have made as many contacts, both intellectual and personal, as has this gallant soul encased in its frail body.

To Alice Bigelow life was a great adventure, a never-ending search for beauty and significance in idea or in expression. The quest carried her into many fields. Deep and abiding satisfaction came to her through books, through pictures, through music, through nature, preëminently through friends.

A question asked of a friend ten years ago expresses vividly her secret of life: "Are you constantly in search of a new poet who may give a new significance to life? Are you always on the lookout for a new poem which may express vividly and beautifully the things you feel but cannot say?"

Great adventuring there was among books and great was the rejoicing when across her horizon came a new author of significance. Special appeal there was in books of unusual flavor, in those firmly rooted in the soil of simple life, dealing with sturdy, homely themes. Great satisfaction there was in Greek literature with its vigor and simplicity and vividness of imagery.



Mediaeval life and lore proved a treasure house with rich rewards. A finely discriminating taste sought for books of meaning and value and took great joy in the finding and in the sharing with her friends. To many a friend there comes the memory of an introduction to a new poet or a new book or the opening up of an old world through the stimulus of her joy in it.

The quest for beauty in art was a source of never-ending interest and of keen pleasure. The arrival of a new etching was an event to be celebrated by the calling together of family and friends to rejoice with her. In this quest for beauty, music proved a most satisfying experience. One of the few expressions of regret that ever passed her lips came last fall—"To think that I shall never again hear a symphony." Just as she ranged far afield in the search for books, so in music there was brought to friends who shared her interests a new group of lute songs from England, or some unusual French songs, or a group of Irish lyrics. In her pleasure in books, in art, in music, there was the casual taking-for-granted that betokened a mind thoroughly at home and at one.

As natural sequence there was intense eagerness to bring to boys and girls in their impressionable years the rich heritage in which she so delighted. By her marriage the profession of teaching lost a great potential leader; had she stayed in the field of education, she

would undoubtedly have created some institution in which she could have carried out the ideas which by her native intelligence and her fine training she was so well fitted to express. To an unusual degree she was an intelligent and inspiring critic of education, interested not only in material provision but intelligently concerned with an accurate translation from Latin, or a theme showing insight and power of expression, or the explanation of some historical event given with thought and intelligence.

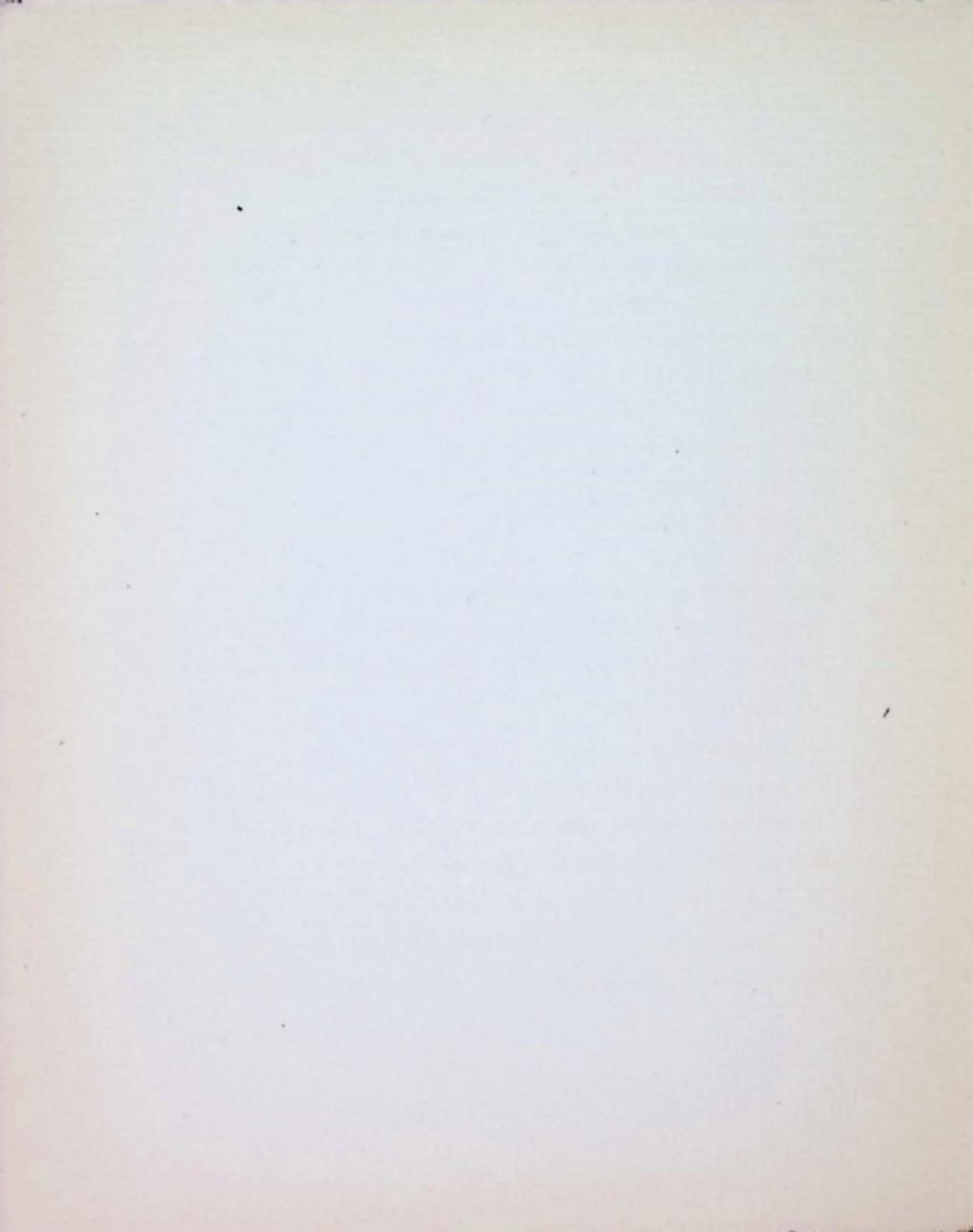
During these past ten years one of her greatest contributions and one of her greatest pleasures lay in making fine provision for education in her own city.

It was peculiarly hard to one of eager, vivid interest in so many phases of life to meet so often the blank wall of physical limitations. With determination and with intelligence, time and again, the situation was faced and conquered. When one mode of expression was closed, quietly another was substituted. The knowledge of birds was gained during a long summer spent in bed. When she could no longer go out to concerts, she planned to bring music to her home. Flowers were a never-ending source of joy. And here, as in other phases, the enjoyment was not fleeting, a thing of the moment, but a rich experience to be felt often for hours at a time.

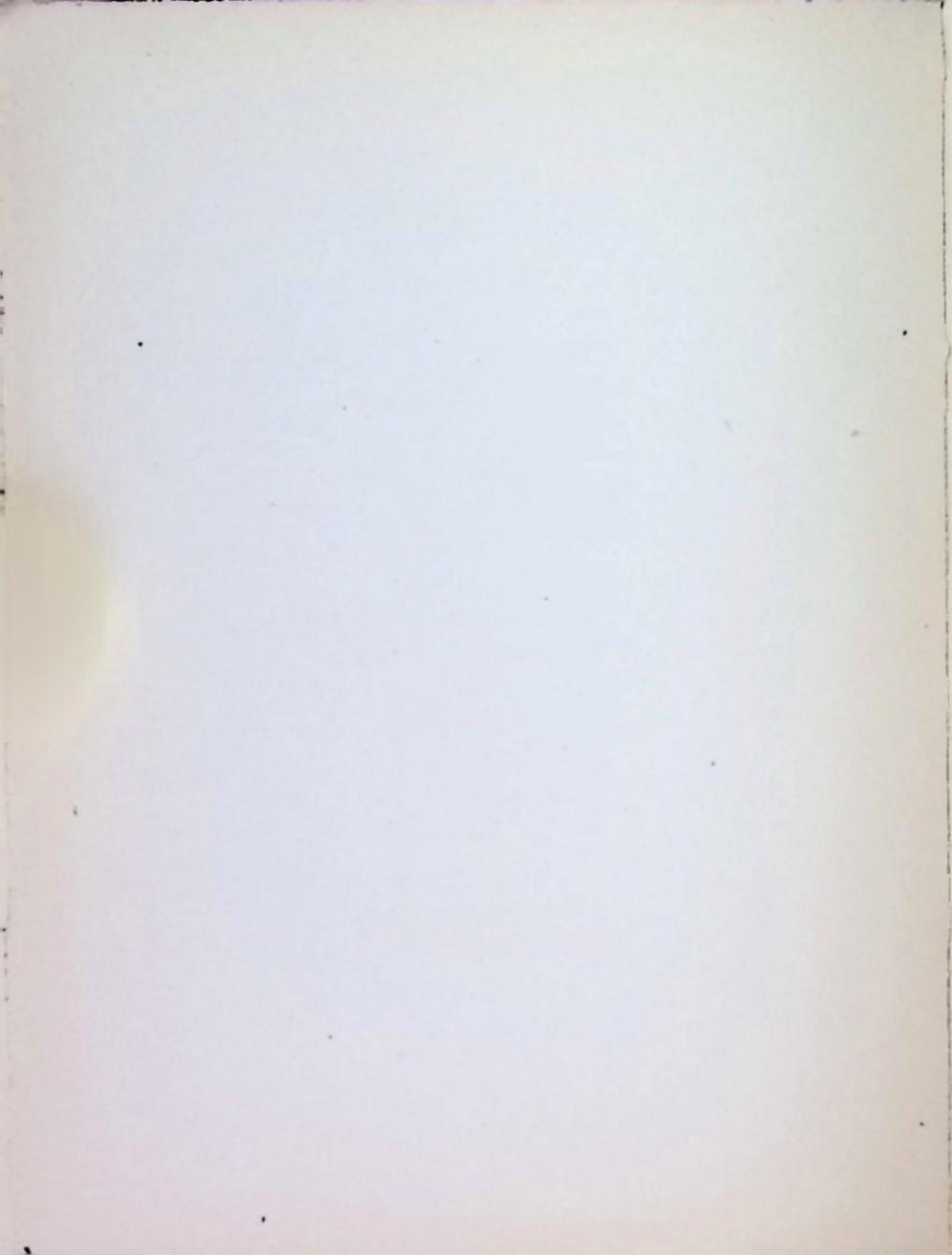
But the picture is not complete. The alert mind, keen and wide in its range, the spirit sensitive and alive to beauty in all its varied manifestations, found their crowning satisfaction in adventures in friendship. To a peculiar extent real living expressed itself in the lives and interests of those dear to her, supremely with those of her own blood, to a less degree only with those bound by the ties of affection. The grace of sympathy, that power to feel with others, brought contacts deep and satisfying. With mind at leisure, she was graciously and eagerly concerned with all that touched her friends.

Today it is my privilege for you and for myself to bear testimony to the deepening and enriching of life that has come to us by contact with this valiant spirit, delicately attuned to the finer values in life. With the knowledge that the life of this city is less rich and less significant, because of her going, there is the realization of the responsibility and the high privilege to carry on, each perhaps in small measure, the life which was so generously shared.

In closing I want to leave with you words which express with peculiar fitness the gallant, vivid, questing spirit which to-day we are gathered to honor:



"I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone;
I am become a name
For always roaming with a hungry heart;
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved,
For this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,



'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

From Tennyson's Ulysses.

SARAH CONVERSE.



SI MES VERS AVAIENT DES AILES!

VICTOR HUGO.

REYNALDO HAHN.

Mes vers fuiraien, doux et freles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour!

LE MIROIR

POEME DE
ED. HARACOURT.

MUSIQUE DE
GUSTAVE FERRARI.

L'odeur de vous flottait dans l'air silencieux
J'ai vu la chambre vide et la table laissée,
Le livre où palpait encor votre pensée,
Le miroir qui lui sait comme un morceau des cieux.
Alors, seul, je me suis incliné vers ces choses,
Et j'ai pieusement, de mes deux lèvres closes
Baise sur le miroir la place de vos yeux.



IDYL IX.—THEOCRITUS

(Daphnis and Menalcas, at the bidding of the poet, sing the joys of the neatherd's and of the shepherd's life. Both receive the thanks of the poet, and rustic prizes—a staff, and a horn, made of a spiral shell. Doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of the prelude and concluding verses. The latter breathe all Theocritus' enthusiastic love of song.)

Sing, Daphnis, a pastoral lay, do thou first begin the song, the song begin, O Daphnis; but let Menalcas join in the strain, when ye have mated the heifers and their calves, the barren kine and the bulls. Let them all pasture together, let them wander in the coppice, but never leave the herd. Chant thou for me, first, and on the other side let Menalcas reply.

Daphnis: Ah, sweetly lows the calf, and sweetly the heifer, sweetly sounds the neatherd with his pipe, and sweetly also I! My bed of leaves is strown by the cool water, and thereon are heaped fair skins from the white calves that were all browsing upon the arbutus,

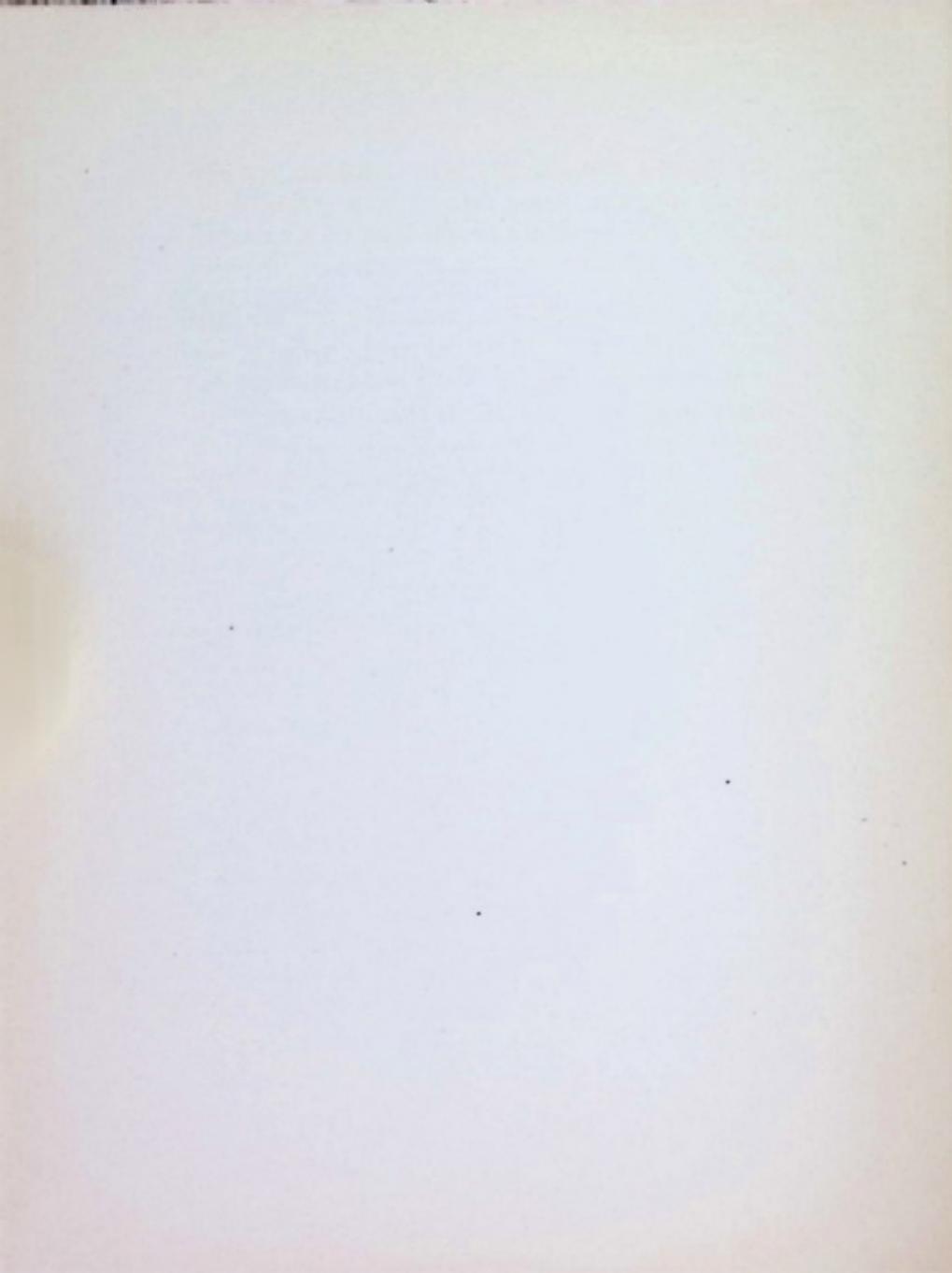
on a time, when the south-west wind dashed me them from the height.

And thus I heed no more the scorching summer, than a lover cares to heed the words of father or of mother.

So Daphnis sang to me, and thus, in turn, did Menalcas sing.

Menalcas: Aetna, mother mine, I too dwell in a beautiful cavern in the chamber of the rock, and, lo, all the wealth have I that we behold in dreams; ewes in plenty and she-goats abundant, their fleeces are strown beneath my head and feet. In the fire of oak-faggots puddings are hissing-hot, and dry beech-nuts roast therein, in the wintry weather, and, truly, for the winter season I care not even so much as a toothless man does for walnuts, when rich pottage is beside him.

Then I clapped my hands in their honour, and instantly gave each a gift, to Daphnis a staff that grew in my father's close, self-shapen, yet so straight, that perchance even a craftsman could have found no fault in it. To the other I gave a goodly spiral shell, the meat that filled it once I had eaten after stalking the fish on the Icarian rocks (I cut it into five shares for five of us),—and Menalcas blew a blast on the shell.



Ye pastoral Muses, farewell! Bring ye into the light the song that I sang there to these shepherds on that day! Never let the pimple grow on my tongue-tip.

Cicala to cicala is dear, and ant to ant, and hawks to hawks, but to me the Muse and song. Of song may all my dwelling be full, for sleep is not more sweet, nor sudden spring, nor flowers are more delicious to the bees—so dear to me are the Muses. Whom they look on in happy hour, Circe hath never harmed with her enchanted potion.

ELEGY BEFORE DEATH

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

There will be rose and rhododendron
When you are dead and under ground;
Still will be heard from white syringas
Heavy with bees, a sunny sound;
Still will the tamaracks be raining
After the rain has ceased, and still
Will there be robins in the stubble,
Brown sheep upon the warm green hill.
Spring will not fail nor autumn falter;
Nothing will know that you are gone,
Saving alone some sullen plough-land
None but yourself sets foot upon;
Saving the may-weed and the pig-weed
Nothing will know that you are dead,—
These, and perhaps a useless wagon
Standing beside some tumbled shed.
Oh, there will pass with your great passing
Little of beauty not your own,—
Only the light from common water,
Only the grace from simple stone!



Now thou art gone and all is dark and cold;
And yet not all, for as the mountain top
Glows roseate when the sun has hid his face,
So has thy love yet left an afterglow
That bathes the darkening autumn of our days;
So shall the memory of what thou wert
Yet gild the summits of our rugged way,
Yet guide us on the path that we must tread.
For who has known the sunshine of thy love
Has touched a radiance that can never fade.

W. S. T.





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